

VICTORS

SOVEREIGN REMEDIES

LIKE OUR SOLDIERS ALWAYS VICTORIOUS

THE SOVEREIGN REMEDY COMPANY'S TREATMENT FOR CATARRH WARMLY PRAISED.

Gentlemen:—It is with great pleasure that I give you my testimonial. For some time I have been suffering from that terrible disease, catarrh. My nostrils were nearly closed, and it was almost impossible to breathe through them. My whole head was inflamed, my ears were full of water, and my sleep very much disturbed. Dealing your advertisement one morning I concluded to give your Remedy a trial. After my first treatment I noticed a decided beneficial effect. I have been using your Catarrh Remedy for about ten days and the results have been most gratifying. My head is clear, the inflammation is gone, and I feel like a new being. I advise all suffering with this obstinate disease to use the Sovereign Catarrh Cure and receive the same blessing I have.

Yours very truly,
CHARLES J. JONES, Roxbury, Mass.

PARTIAL LIST OF CURES:

COUGHS	KIDNEY
COLDS	TRUBLES
RHEUMATISM	GRIPPE-CATARRH
DYSPEPSIA	NEURALGIA

TONIC FOR MEN.

TONIC FOR WOMEN.

(See "HOME TREASURE.")

27 Different Remedies for 27 Different Diseases.

They are made not only to sell, but to cure. Are curing thousands daily, will cure you.

EVERY REMEDY 25c. EACH.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS AND MEDICINE DEALERS.

Send for "HOME TREASURE," a book full of useful information and household receipts, sent to any address FREE.

SOVEREIGN REMEDY CO., 1237 Arch St. Philadelphia, Pa.

WHEN PEACE COMES.

WHAT THE FUTURE HAS IN STORE FOR AFRICA.

Belief That Foreigners and Not Ul-landers Will Get the Commercial Prizes—Keeping the Blacks Out of the War.

(Special Correspondence.)

CAPE TOWN, Jan. 1.—After the war what? This interests many people more than the war itself. People generally believe that the British will win, but at a greater cost in blood and money than they or anybody else except the Boers expected. The war will broaden out the younger generation of Boers. The older ones that are not killed will live out the remainder of their lives in the sullen belief that there has been some mysterious slip in the plans of Providence. The Boers

who accept the situation as the war leaves it will be an important factor in the future of South Africa.

The outsiders, the people without a country, for whom the British went to war, will occupy an unenviable position in the eyes of the world. The Boers will continue to hate them, and the British will always wonder whether or not they were worth fighting for. The masterly manner in which the ul-landers keep away from the firing line is the admiration of all lovers of acrobatic art. When the war is over—mark the prophecy—these people will not be in the swim. They will find the sale of mining stock to unwill buyers to be a hill work. The cream of legitimate business will be done by somebody else—Americans, British, Boers, Germans, French, Portuguese, black savages—anybody but ullanders.

South Africa will some day produce plenty of coal, sugar and grain, as well as gold and goats, the bulk of the present product outside of diamonds. The people of Natal have been very successful in the production of excellent tea, which is not so stringent as the Indian and Chinese teas, it having a less percentage of tannin in it, but has a delicate flavor. Tea growing might be commenced experimentally in the rich country behind Delagoa Bay, and if found to answer, as there is every chance of its doing, it would add another important industry to the long list that will be formed and pour flourish in the future.

It takes war to show a nation who its friends are. Among the best British soldiers now fighting in South Africa are the Irish. There are many Irishmen fighting with the Boers, but they are in the background. The Irish with the British forces, the Dublin fusiliers, the Connaught rangers, the Enniskillens, the Munster fusiliers, have borne the brunt of many battles. With the able assistance of their old comrades in arms, the highlanders, the Irish troops have indeed been doing nearly all England's fighting.

To the credit of both British and Boers, be it said, there is less and less prospect of enlisting the savage black tribes on either side. There are certain natives of India, however, whom the British might import without undue shock to civilization, as they are classed as British subjects, and many of them are already recognized as British soldiers.

The fiercest native Indian fighters are the Ghoraks. They are small and broad shouldered. They form a part of the regular English army in India and are well drilled and well-uniformed in the usual light suit suitable for that climate. No amount of instilled English ideas and no amount of English drilling has been able as yet to convert them to the use of the rifle or the field gun alone.

When England first fought in India, the Ghoraks were their most hated foes. Woe to the British square that could not stop with its guns the onrush of the little men as they ran into close quarters. Stabbing right and left with a strength that was wonderful, avoiding the clumsy bayonets of the redcoats, these Ghoraks were bound to leave their mark wherever they went.

However, as time went on, the Ghoraks began to fraternize with their ancient enemies until the colonial policy of old England put them into a khaki uniform and turned the deadly blade against the foes of the crown.

There is a growing sentiment, however, that this is a white man's war, and it is to be hoped that the combatants will both fight it out on that line. The blacks are dangerous enough at all times. If they can be kept out of the present war, they will be easier to handle when peace is restored, and it is the coming peace in which all the world is interested. All classes and colors of people are waiting to get at the wealth of South Africa.

CHAS. HOYT.

How to Be Beautiful.

"You advertised, I believe, that you would tell women how to be beautiful."

"Well, I'd like to know how."

"Certainly, certainly. Two dollars. Thank you. The surest way to be born beautiful. Call again some time."

—Chicago Post.

The Average.

"Pa, what's an average man?"

"One who thinks his employer's business would be run a good deal better if he could have more to say about it himself."

—Chicago Times-Herald.

GEMS IN VERSE.

A Little Poet.

Out in the garden we Elsie
Was gathering flowers for me.
"Oh, mamma," she cried, "hurry, hurry!
Here's something I want you to see!"

I went to the window. Before her
A velvet winged butterfly flew,
And the pansies themselves were not brighter
Than the beautiful creature in hue.

"Oh, isn't it pretty?" cried Elsie,
With eager and wondering eyes,
As she watched it soar high upward
Against the soft blue of the skies.

"I know what it is, don't you, mamma?"
Oh, the wisdom of these little things
When the soul of the poet is in them—
"It's a pansy—a pansy with wings!"

—Pittsburg Press.

Trekking.

[Song of the Boer woman.]

Trekking, trekking, trekking! Will never the track be done?
Will never the road, will never the home be won
And we only as beasts of the jungle sfoot for the feeding prey,
With a lair in the bush at midnight, on the veldt
A trackless way?

Deeper and deeper northward beyond the grasp of our foes—
Deeper and deeper northward our fathers went
But the door of the north is closed, is closed!
Where can we trek to more?

Trekking, trekking, trekking! Think you we love not our home?
Think you my father prized not the farm of the yellow loam?
And mother, I see her weeping beside my brother's fall.
Turning and gazing northward beyond the mountain wall.

The cattle, they seem to be standing dumb in a brute despair;
With a longing look at the pastures they feel the break in the air
Even old Yok seems broken; he turns from the tempting bones;
I see him there in the corner, manlike, brooding alone!

Trekking, trekking, trekking! Through the Zululand we go,
The midday tiger stalking us, and ever the savage foe—
Before—the savage foe to meet, the "redcoat" for being—
What have we done to be blown about like a leaf upon the wind?

Ah, over the Valt we shall find our peace—over the rushing Valt
The Lord has led us to rest at last; blindly we followed his call;
The land he promised is ours to keep—is ours forever to keep—
Piet, what noise is that in the fold? Think you a wolf at the sheep?

Trekking, trekking, trekking! We have trekked till our tall, strong men
Have sworn an oath by our father's God we shall never trek again!
The doors of the northward veldt are closed; the doors of our heart are strong;
They shall open their lock to a brother's knock, but not to the threat of wrong!

There is the gun your father bore when he climbed Majuba's hill;
"Tis yours, Piet, to bear it now with your father's faith and will.
For the land you bear—the land is ours—if ever a land was won;
You go at the dawn, you say, my son? You go, at the dawn, my son!"

—John Jerome Rooney in New York Sun.

What of That?

Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease,
Fluttering the rose leaves scattered by the breeze?
Come, come, then! Work while it is called today!
Gladly, arise! Go forth upon thy way!

Lonely! And what of that?
Some must be lonely! 'Tis not given to all
To feel a heart responsive rise and fall,
To kind another life into its own.
Work may be done in loneliness. Work on.

Darkest! Well, what of that?
Didst fondly dream the sun would never set
Dust to lose thy way? Take courage yet!
Learn thou to walk by faith and not by sight;
Thy steps will be guided and thy goal bright.

Hard! Well, what of that?
Didst fancy life a summer holiday,
With leisure hours to learn and naught but play?
Go, get thee to thy task! Conquer or die!
It must be learned! Learn it, then, patiently.

No help! Nay, it's not so!
Though human help be far, thy God is nigh,
Who feeds the ravens, bears his children cry,
Who leads the lame by the hand, who helps the blind,
And he will guide thee, light thee, help thee home.

—Detroit Free Press.

The Beautiful Snow.

Over the mountains so rugged and old,
Over the meadows so barren and cold,
Over the withered brown foliage and flowers,
Over so early the summer's fair bowers,
Wendest, gently, thy way, my dear snow,
Cover them, hide them, oh, beautiful snow!

Over the dwellings of yonder lone hill,
Where our beloved ones sleep, dreamlessly still,
Priesthood and kings to Jehovah are they,
Waiting there calmly their coronal day!
Round their low eaves the winter winds blow;
Cover them, shelter them, beautiful snow!

Over the hearts that are weary and worn,
Over the mortals who wander forlorn,
Over the hopeless, the helpless, oppressed,
Draw thy white curtain and soothe them to rest.
Draw thy white curtain and soothe them to rest.
Cover them, hide them, oh, beautiful snow!

Come in thy beauty, our thoughts beguile,
Win us from earth and its sorrows awhile!
Teach us sweet lessons, remind us that we,
Solaced with earth stains, may purified be
Walking as angels, though dwelling below,
Spotless as thou art, oh, beautiful snow!

—S. E. Kiser.

Glory.

Oh, what glory must there be for him who hears
The happy people belling him with cheers,
Whose fame is everywhere,
For whom banners float in air,
Who has proved his valor on the bloody field
Or won in splendid battle on the wave!
Hail, heights of glory to him are revealed
In the moment of the cheering for the brave!

What glory must be his who rides along
The behest of all beholders in the throng,
Who reads love in every eye
As he proudly passes by,
Who can know that he is numbered with the great,
Whose name will give his children's children
What glorious reflections must elate
The statesman as he bows from side to side!

The heroes and the men who rule are few,
There may never be a chance for me or you;
We may never hear a cheer
From the crowd when we appear,
But there is the least of us may know;
The pride that keeps a flame within the breast
Of him, however high, however low,
Who has found some work that he can do the best.

—S. E. Kiser.

Fear and Death.

The spirit of the plague entered the gate.
One, watching, asked, "How many will thou slay?"

"A thousand," snaked the spirit, "is my quest."

The plague made end. The spirit left the gate.
The watcher cried, "Ten thousand didst thou slay?"

"Nay, one," the spirit said; "I fear killed the rest."

—R. R. Bowker in Century.

BREAD UPON THE WATER.

How One Man Repaid an Old Debt to His Brother.

Bread cast upon the water often returns increased many fold, but it is seldom that a good deed is rewarded by the recipient at the ratio of 1,000 for 1. Yet this happened a short time ago to a well known business man of Kansas City, whose office is not far from the corner of Tenth and Walnut streets.

Thirty years ago the business man and his brother were living in St. Louis. They were young men and

"Housework is hard work without Gold Dust"


To Clean Matting

Few things can be used to clean matting; salt and soda have been used, but experience has taught that the best way is to have the matting thoroughly swept, and then go over it with a solution of warm water with

Gold Dust Washing Powder

Dissolved in it is the best way to use a woolen cloth; a tablespoonful of Gold Dust Washing Powder to a quart of water is the proportion, wring the cloth almost dry and rub quickly, but the moment the water gets dirty, change it for fresh, then follow the wet cloth with a dry one. This will clean it perfectly.

The above is taken from our free booklet "How to Clean Your Household." Sent free on request to THE R. L. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago, St. Louis, New York.



RAILROAD TIME TABLES

ERIE RAILROAD CO.
Erie Depot, Mill St.
Going West.

No. 1 Express	8:30 pm
No. 5 Limited vestibule	7:00 am
No. 15 To Akron only	9:35 am
No. 13, Huntington special	12:22 pm
No. 3 Pacific express	6:32 pm
No. 37 Accommodation	6:40 am

Going East.

No. 8 Limited vestibule	1:20 am
No. 12 Express	8:54 am
No. 4 New York special	12:50 pm
No. 16 Chautauqua express	4:25 pm
No. 38 Accommodation	4:00 pm

WHEELING & LAKE ERIE RY.
Myron T. Herrick, Robert Blinkender, receivers.

No. 1 No. 3 No. 8

Toledo, (Un. Dep.) Ar	7:15	1:20
Spencer	10:15	4:25
Lodi	10:31	4:40
Creston	10:40	4:54
Orville	11:18	5:19
Massillon	12:45	6:50
Valley Junction	12:45	6:40
Wheeling	Ar	3:25

General Traffic Manager.
J. F. TOWNSEND,
Assistant General Passenger Ag't.

CLEVELAND, AKRON & COLUMBUS
Union Depot, Market St.
Going North.

Cln., Columbus & Cleveland	6:05 am
Millsburg & Cleveland	10:37 am
Pittsburg, Philadelphia & New York	11:37 am
Cln., Columbus & Cleveland	11:45 am

Going South.

Cleveland, Columbus & Cln.	6:05 am
New York, Phila & Akron	11:15 am
Cleveland & Millsburg	11:45 am
Cleveland, Columbus & Cln.	11:57 am
Trains leave Columbus for Akron	11:45 a. m., and 12:35 midnight.
Leave Cleveland	8:35 a. m., 8:10 p. m. and 7:35 p. m.

PITTSBURG & WESTERN R. R.
Union Depot, Market street.
Leave for the East.

Chicago and New York vestibule, limited	11:55 am
Warren, Youngstown, Pittsburg	6:40 am
Warren, Youngstown, Pittsburg	1:10 pm
Pittsburg, Washington, Philadelphia, New York, departs C. T. & V. Ry. Howard street station	4:20 pm

Arrive from the East.

Washington, Pittsburg, Cleveland, arrives C. T. & V. Ry. Howard street station	9:30 am
Pittsburg and Akron	11:53 am
Pittsburg, Akron and Chicago	7:25 pm
New York, Washington, Pittsburg and Chicago	11:09 pm
Trains leave Pittsburg for Akron	5:30 a. m., 8:25 p. m., 6:40 p. m.; Allegheny, 9:27 a. m.

BALTIMORE & OHIO.
Union Depot, Market street.
Depart West.

Tiffin, Fostoria & Chicago	10:10 am
Tiffin, Fostoria & Chicago	7:50 pm
Chicago vestibule, limited	11:15 pm

Arrive from the West.

Chicago and New York vestibule, limited	1:50 am
Chicago and Pittsburg	6:35 am
Chicago, Akron and Cleveland	8:10 pm
Trains leave Chicago for Akron	10:20 a. m., 8:30 p. m. and 8:30 p. m.

C. T. & V. R. R.
Going North.

How. St. Union	East
Depot	Depot
No. 46	6:55 am
No. 4	9:20 am
No. 4	1:10 pm
No. 10	5:13 pm
No. 8	8:25 pm

Going South.

No. 7	8:42 am
No. 3	12:01 pm
No. 9	4:20 pm
No. 5	10:54 pm
No. 47	7:35 pm

*Daily except Sunday from Union depot.

THE NORTHERN OHIO RAILROAD.
Depot North Main street.

Depart—No. 1	7:50 am
No. 11	5:00 pm
Arrive—No. 2	4:30 pm
No. 12	12:15 am

THE NORTHERN OHIO TRACTION COMPANY.
The A. B. C. Railroad.
Waiting room, North Howard St.
Time Card, Nov. 20, 1899.
Cars for Cleveland leave corner Howard and Market streets every hour from 5:30 a. m. to 8:30 p. m. and at 10:30 p. m. Saturdays and Sundays 5:30 a. m., 6:30 a. m., and every half hour to 7 p. m., and 8 p. m., 9 p. m. and 10:30 p. m.

SCIENCE OF CAVES.

A SYSTEMATIC STUDY OF UNDERGROUND FORMATIONS.

Manitou Caverns and How They Were Discovered—Strange Shape Formed by Falling Water—Relics of a Tragedy.

(Special Correspondence.)

MANITOU, Colo., Jan. 30.—A society has been organized in Paris to study cave formations. Its members will visit and explore caves in all parts of the world. They hope their pursuit will become as popular as mountain climbing. As a result our knowledge of this subject should be increased. Perhaps we shall become better acquainted with the beauties and wonders of our American caves.

The Grand caverns of Manitou are famous. They are located near the Ute pass and are about two miles from this city. When examining them, each

This instrument consists of a number of slender strips like ribbons, and they, too, are of limestone. A man takes a small wooden stick and strikes the different keys of this natural wonder and music pours forth. The thing seems more like a harp than an organ.

In some places the surface of the cave is of a brown color, while in other places it is pure as crystal. As you pass through the corridors you can see outlines that look like a flock of sheep, baskets of fruit, vegetables, animals and strong resemblances to human faces and heads. The temperature of the cave is 52 degrees, and this changes neither summer nor winter. About 10,000 people have entered the cave in a single year.

The story of the discovery of the Grand caverns, which took place in 1881, is interesting. A young man, George W. Snider by name, now of Colorado Springs, and a friend, Charles Reinhard, were out hunting. They had wounded a deer and were pursuing their game when Mr. Snider observed a white vapor rising out of the ground. He paused in the chase and tied a red handkerchief on a tree near the spot. He then resumed the pursuit of the deer. When they returned, the existence of the cave was made known.

There is a bit of tragedy connected with the history of the Grand caverns. When the discoverers first entered their blackness, they walked about in fear and trembling. Perhaps they thought a wild and hungry bear made the place his home, but no living thing was encountered by the invaders. Instead, a skeleton of a human form and near by the remains of two wolves were found. Investigation makes it certain that the bones were those of an Indian maiden. Beads and other feminine ornaments still cling to the decaying skeleton. Whether the wolves destroyed the poor girl as she sought shelter from wintry winds we do not know. She may have been buried there in the belief that her sepulcher would never be disturbed.

WILLIAM R. BRITTON.

An Insultation.

Husband—That tramp I met at the gate told me he weighed 250 pounds.

Wife—What a story teller! Why, he told me when I fed him that he only weighed 100.

Husband—Yes, my dear, but that was before he had eaten those biscuits of yours.—Detroit Free Press.

A Common Form of Celery.

"Yes, he claimed his wife pinched him severely whenever she asked him for money."

"Well, he needn't flatter himself that he is the only man who has been pinched for money."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Civilization in Africa.

"Did you have a missionary of the name of Gottbold Peck stopping at your hotel about three weeks ago?"

"Wait one moment; I'll look up the old menu cards."—Der Flob.

Rock Formations in Manitou Caverns.

visitor is provided with a lamp. A long, narrow and boarded passage leads into the vestibule of the cave. The scenes here become weird and strange. The lights flicker and threaten to leave the party in utter darkness. The women, as they move about, remind one of those ten Hebrew maidens who went to seek the bridegroom, only the modern crowd returns to the daylight and none loses her way.

The formations in the cave are created by the slow and long continued fall of water heavily impregnated with lime. Many of the figures are fearfully and wonderfully made. Great stalactites hang from the roof, while on the floor beneath are stalagmites of equal size and interest. At one place there is a pile of stones which serves as a monument to General Grant. General W. T. Sherman suggested the first rock. Soon after General McClelland followed and since then many others have lovingly added their tributes to the dead warrior.

The visitor is led from room to room. One is called the opera house, and the ceiling of this room is 60 feet high. Two galleries can be distinctly observed, and up high, over the place where the stage should be, is an organ.

"Smells Good!"

Of course it does—it's made with the

EMPRESS COFFEE

Mocha and Java

Got that grand, comforting aroma that can only come from high grade coffee. Surprising how people will put up with the miserable trash sold as coffee when a few cents more will buy the very best.

... Empress Coffees ...

25c, 33c and 38c.

For Sale in Akron by
J. M. ROCHÉ, 142 S. Howard st.
J. R. HOUGHTON, 113 E. Market
GEORGE HAAS, 127 N. Howard

Wholesale Agents,
EUGENE ROSDALE & CO.,
181 Front St., New York.

MEALS
ON SHORT NOTICE
All the delicacies in season always found on Menu. Restaurant conducted on the European Plan.
PRICES REASONABLE.

ATLANTIC GARDEN
202 E. Market st.

DETLING BROS., Props.

Becoming a Mother

In an official which all women approach with indescribable fear, for nothing can compare with the horrors of child-birth. The thought of the suffering and danger in more for her, the expected mother of all pleasant anticipation of the coming event, and ease over her a shadow of gloom that cannot be shaken off. Thousands of women have found that the use of Mother's Friend during pregnancy and delivery is a godsend to all women at the time of their most critical ordeal. Not only does Mother's Friend carry women safely through the perils of child-birth, but its use greatly prepares the system for the coming event, prevents "morning sickness" and other discomforts of this period, sold by all druggists at 40c per bottle. Send for free booklet to THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Georgia.

Mother's Friend

BREAD UPON THE WATER.

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